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Lydia Y (Latin I)—Erat superba sua mariti potentia—She was proud of her power over her husband.

Mr. Lineau—Not much, men weren't hen-pecked in those days.

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And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much and sorrowed
more,
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And said he'd change the pigtail's
place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found,"
"I'll turn me round;" he turned him
round,
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round and out and in
All day the puzzled sage did spin,
In vain; it mattered not a pin,
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A small Swedish lad presented himself before a Minnesota school teacher, who asked him his name.

"Pete Peterson," he replied.

"And how old are you?"

"Aye not know how old aye bane."

"Well, where were you born?"

"Aye not born at all; aye got a stepmudder."—Ex.

Georgia C. (Sewing VIII)—"What can I do now?"

Teacher—"Cut that out and pipe that seam."

Folger was going out one night,

His sister questioned, "whither?"

And Lloyd not wishing to deceive her

Softly answered, "with her."

Seniors were made for big things,

Juniors were made for small;

But, oh, you poor little Freshies,

Why were you made at all?—Ex.

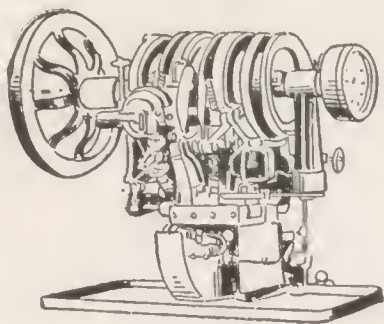
Miss Bigelow—"Francis, give a sentence with 'becoming' in it."

Francis D. — "I will becoming soon."

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Harry A.—"Why, sailors, I guess."

Ramsey—"Not correct. Well, have you any contemporaries?"

Harry A.—"I don't know them if I have."

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Alg. Teacher—“Now we have $7=0$.”

Pupil (half asleep)—“All that work for nothing.”—Ex.

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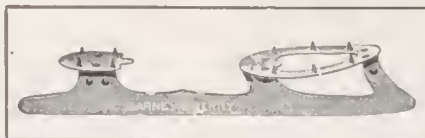
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Volume VI

DECEMBER, 1914

Number Two

THE TAMARACK

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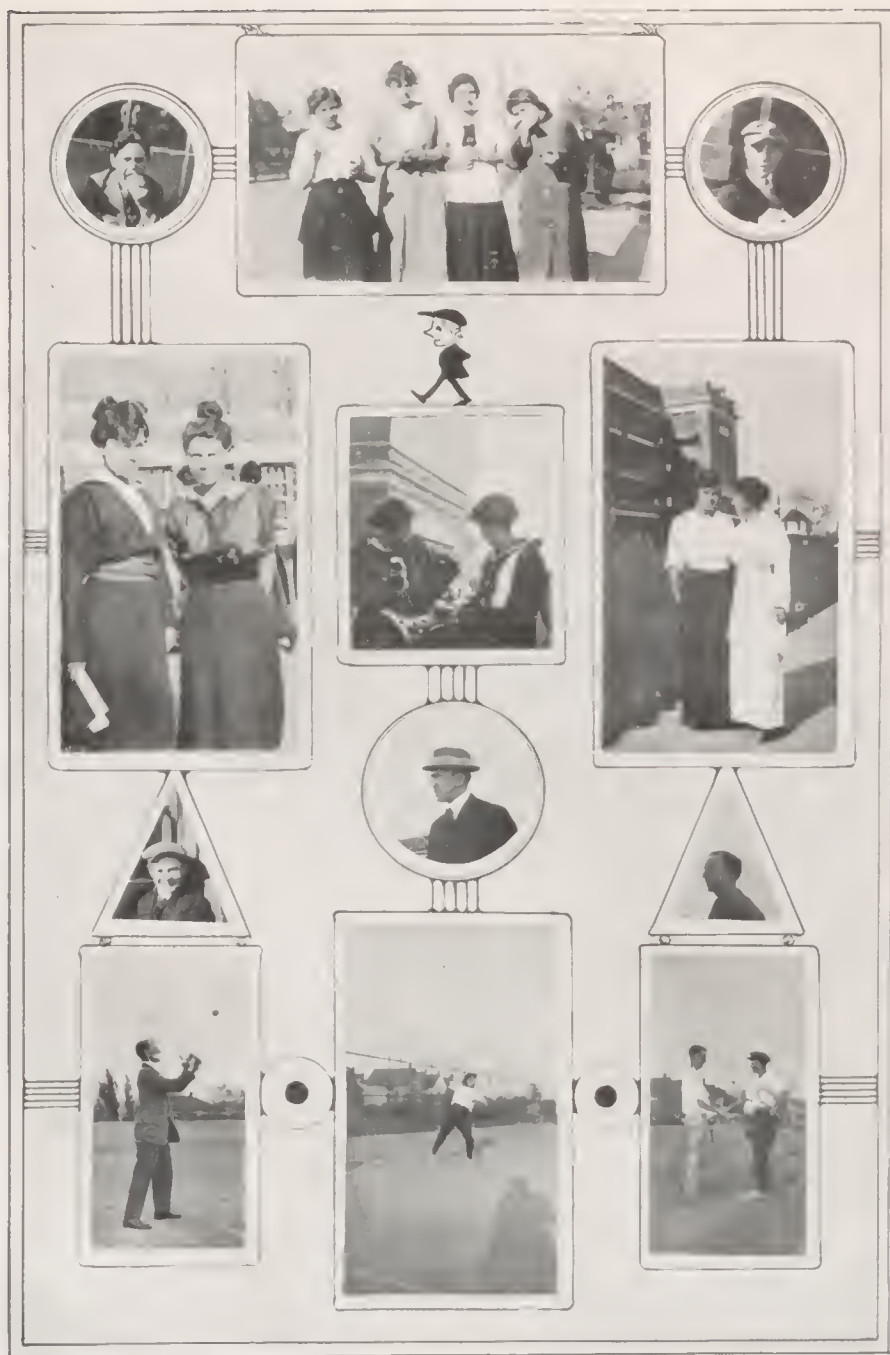


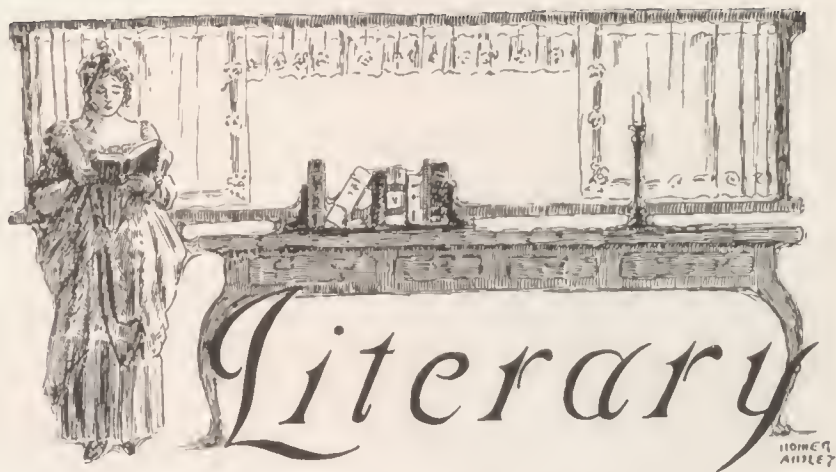
Contents

Literary	- -	21
Editorials	-	36
Music	- -	39
Library	- -	42
Current Events		44
Athletics	- -	52
Alumni	- -	59
Exchanges	-	62
Jokes	- - -	64



This issue
of The Tamarack is
Dedicated
to
The
Memory of
Mr. J. Grier Long





LITHBETH ANN

The older woman laid her hand persuasively on the girl's tousled hair.

"Do try to be less shy, dear," she urged gently, "you'll have a much better time. I'm sure the young people would like you if you were not so distant."

"I can't help it," sighed Persis, her gray eyes wistful.

"Nonsense, Persis, you could overcome it if you tried. You'll find yourself an old maid some day, my dear."

"Marriage isn't the only thing for a girl," replied Persis resentfully.

"It's the best thing," affirmed her sister-in-law happily. "And Persis—I came to tell you—Junior is coming up today on the eleven o'clock train. Be nice to him and perhaps—" she ended with a playful laugh, as she picked up the breakfast tray. Persis sat up with a bounce, pushing back her sunny hair.

"I will not," she answered shortly, "I wouldn't deliberately—an—any way, I am not old enough." Her cheeks were flaming.

"You needn't be so indignant. Junior is worth 'deliberately,'" laughed Mrs. Carrol. "I didn't mean immediately. You can be friends for a while, you know."

She walked toward the door, adding—

"I know you'll like him. I never saw a girl yet who didn't." Her words were almost a challenge.

"I won't," declared Persis decidedly. "I won't be home when he comes, either." Rolling out of bed, she picked up, half unconsciously, a letter from the floor, opened it, and read with a puzzled expression:

"I suppose I'll have to make a martyr of myself, Sis. But you know I don't like them quiet and bashful. However, if she's pretty, maybe I can stand it for a week or so and perhaps enjoy it. Who knows?"

Persis' soft eyes snapped.

"We'll see whether you enjoy it or not," she said, grimly. She began to dress with swift, angry movements.

"Ruth had no right to say anything about me in her letters," she cried stormily. "Why can't married women let girls alone?"

Suddenly in the midst of combing her hair, she stopped--

"If you were a girl in a book you would make him like you. It would serve him right," she said whimsically to the red-cheeked girl in the glass. "But pshaw! You couldn't make any man like you. You're only Persis Carrol." She regarded herself meditatively in the glass, then her eyes sparkled.

"If you can't make him like you, you can make him cordially dislike you," she said gleefully. "You can be quite horrid when you choose, my dear."

She laughed as she put on her most becoming light dress. Then she took a book and walked along the shore to her own particular rocky cliff. About half-past eleven she closed her book, and proceeded leisurely homeward.

"His royal nibs has arrived," she remarked to herself as she noted Mrs. Carrol's brother, Scott Owen, Junior, lolling back in his chair, in a very effective attitude. Mrs. Carrol introduced the big, handsome boy as her "little" brother, Junior.

"Pleased to meet you," murmured Persis perfunctorily, looking him over with her calm gray eyes. With a few more politely disinterested remarks she went up to her room. Junior felt a distinct sense of surprise as the gray eyes rested momentarily on him, but the glance had not been flattering.

"Ruth tells me Fred has a new launch," remarked Junior as they sat down to luncheon. "I thought perhaps we might go boating this afternoon, Miss Carrol." He gave her his most fascinating smile. Persis missed it, as she bent to tie Betty's napkin under her chin.

"That would be nice," she replied without enthusiasm, "but I have an engagement for this afternoon--another time perhaps," with a side glance at the twins. He interpreted the glance.

"I'm very sorry, but, of course, if you can't"--he replied a little stiffly. Plainly it concerned Bob and Betty. She could put those children off if she wanted to. Mrs. Carrol handed him a letter in a girl's writing. He read the voluminous epistle with a complacent grin.

"From Tess," he remarked for Persis' benefit. "I suppose I'll have to answer it this afternoon. Just to tease her, I'll say I've met the prettiest girl I've ever seen." He gave a side glance at Persis' bonny face.

"Oh, have you seen Eloise Bowers already?" asked Persis, with wicked innocence. "She IS lovely."

"Confound the girl," thought Junior, "she doesn't know a compliment when she gets it."

A little later he strolled toward the beach.

"I've hardly seen those twins yet," he explained to himself. An expression of disappointment crossed his face as he discovered his niece and nephew playing in the sand with a little girl, a non-entity enveloped in a huge sunbonnet and gingham apron.

"Hello, youngsters," was his greeting, "where's Aunt Persis?"

"Dunno," choked Bob. His twin giggled. Junior assumed indifference.

"Who is this little girl," he remarked, laying his hand with a fatherly air on the sunbonneted head.

"Lithbeth Ann," retorted the child, jerking away.

"Lithbeth Ann," mimicked Junior. "Almost as bad as Persis."

"Mith Perthith hath gone boating," volunteered the child. Junior looked sharply at his giggling niece and nephew, and then sauntered off.

"By Jupiter!—Lithbeth Ann—I bet it is," he said to himself and turned in time to see a smny head bob down behind a sand castle.

At dinner Persis and the twins seemed in the best of spirits. Even Ruth was a little surprised to see quiet Persis so gay, but she smiled knowingly.

"You'll want to meet some of the young people, won't you, Mr. Owen?" asked Persis. "There is to be a campfire, so you will have a good opportunity to meet them."

"I thought she would change her tactics, they always do," Junior remarked to himself as he walked down to the beach with Persis.

"Eloise"—she called as they approached a group, "this is Ruth's brother, Scott Owen, won't you introduce him to every one? You know them better than I. I must run over to Mrs. Ashley's for a minute."

Junior, angry at being handed over to Eloise, could not protest, and Eloise was pleased with the task given her. While chatting with her, Junior managed to note Persis' return. He learned from Eloise that the tall solemn man, with whom Persis talked the whole evening, was a minister, who considered all the girls but

Persis too silly and trifling to bother with. Persis was almost talkative on the walk to the cottage, and she promised Junior to try the new boat with him the following afternoon.

Junior came home from Eloise Bowers' at half-past one. They were to go out at two. Persis did not appear at two, but Tess often kept him waiting. At half-past two he became mildly impatient; at three he laid down his magazine and paced the veranda. At half-past three, he was thoroughly angry. As he went in he heard voices from the nursery. Pausing outside the door he heard Persis announce,

"My lady, the carriage waits." He peered through the half-open door and beheld Persis and Betty down on the floor with paper dolls and a card-board box for a house. Lady Geraldine was transferred unceremoniously to her paper carriage and rode away in state.

"May I play, too?" asked Junior with a grin. Persis sprang to her feet scattering paper ladies right and left.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she exclaimed, "I forgot all about my promise. Bob ran away from Betty so I had to comfort her."

"Bob is with Lithbeth Ann, I suppose," he remarked gravely. Persis flushed.

"I suppose so," she assented.

"We can still go."

"Oh, no," she replied, "it is quite too late now. I promised Ruth I would make some biscuits for tea."

Junior turned on his heel and walked away.

"I guess I'll take the hint," he muttered angrily.

"I've heard of martyrs," murmured Persis gently, her eyes a-twinkle.

During the few weeks of Junior's stay he saw very little of Persis. She was so busy or so unapproachable that he could not get on a friendly or familiar footing with her. It piqued his pride, yet he could do nothing to help it. His compliments she twisted until they were no longer complimentary, openly ridiculed them, or received them with a frigid stare. For days at a time she would be almost rudely disagreeable. One day she had been very gracious until he laughed at one of her whimsical remarks and called her "a cute, funny, little thing."

"I'm not cute, nor little, nor the least bit funny," she said with dignity, and whisked into the house, but he did not see her dimple nor hear her say,

"If he doesn't hate me NOW, I guess he never will."

On the last night of his visit Ruth invited the young people to their cottage. Persis viewed herself in the glass after twisting up her curly hair, and donning her soft white dress. She gave a decided little nod to the girl in the glass.

"It isn't wise to change your tactics," she murmured, "but sometimes and you look quite nice." Junior was standing at the foot of the stairs when she made her appearance.

"Ah, my lady hath put on her scarlet stockings and white shoes," he quoted a little cautiously, remembering his frequent snubbings.

"She hath not. You are color-blind," retorted Persis promptly, holding out her black slippered foot.

Junior took one of her wild-roses.

"Here comes Eloise," she announced serenely, "I'm afraid your friend Tess will be jealous."

"Not of Eloise," he returned with a smile and Persis laughed.

She was pretty well occupied during the evening helping Ruth entertain and talking to the minister, who did not seem at all solemn when talking to the starry-eyed, pink-checked girl. Junior's attention wandered several times from Eloise as he watched for the smile Persis occasionally threw him, and he failed to see Eloise's elevated eyebrows.

Finally the last guest was gone, the lanterns taken down, and the spoons put away.

"Lithbeth Ann, will you walk down to the beach?" called Junior.

The girl laughed merrily.

"Yeth, thir," she answered.

"You'll write to me, won't you?"

"No. You don't like girls quiet and bashful."

"Don't I though!" he exclaimed. Then he flushed.

"Did you read that? I didn't mean it. Anyhow, I take it back."

Half an hour later they returned to the house.

"You will write to me, won't you, Lithbeth Ann?" he pleaded.

"Perhaphth," the girl assented with a teasing smile. Junior went whistling off to his tent, dreaming dreams, perhaps. As Persis passed Ruth's door she heard her say,

"I had hoped they would be friends at least, but Persis is so queer."

Persis went on to her room with a non-committal expression on her face. But when she crept into bed with only the white moonlight flooding the room, she buried her head in the pillow, and smiled.

—Mildred Drummond.

A WINNING GAME

On a certain brisk afternoon in fall Mr. Bill Condon waddled across the campus and stopped before Bill Edwards, Everdale's peerless football coach.

"I would like," said Mr. Condon, removing a cigarette from his cheerful face, "to join the team."

Edwards laughed uproariously. What a joke! Condon, "Fat" Condon wanted to join the football team! Not being an insane football coach, and not wanting any fat dumplings parading around as players, he refused.

"But come out and report for practice, if you will," said Edwards. "However, don't expect any favors of me or ever expect to get into a game."

"You don't understand, Edwards I don't want to get in there and actually have someone tackle me. But I ask you for some help in an affair of the heart. I want you to help me to get in right with Ruth James, the finest, most beautiful, lovable, fascinating—"

"I know her," said Edwards with a curious smile. "What has she to do with your sudden ambition?"

"I met her the last time I was in town. I've a swell chance to win her, but I've got to play football, because she is simply raving mad over football heroes. Why, she knows more about football than you do, and she talks of nothing else. Naturally she asked me if I was a football player and I replied that I not only was a football player but that they didn't make 'em any better. Now I've got to play because—well, she's coming up here for the big game."

"And you think you're going to play?" Edwards grinned.

"No, not play. All I want is an outfit of playing togs. I'll fix up the details, and on the big day I'll be standing around looking like an injured hero kept out of battle by his wounds. And when our team cleans up Ellwood, I'll go to Ruth James and take her little hand in mine—"

"Ah, chop it, Condon, you're so fat that it would take you years to work it all off and you have but a ghost of a show to make the team. And your plan would get us in bad with the inter-collegiate authorities. I can't have a man on my squad who isn't making an honest try for the team."

"All right, then I'll come out with the scrubs and make an honest try."

Annoyance showed in Edward's face. "And go into training?" he asked sarcastically.

"Sure, I'll go the whole route; it takes a fat man, you know, to do things thoroughly."

Edwards hesitated a moment, frowned, opened his mouth as if to speak, laughed and said, "I guess it's your funeral and not mine; after all, if you insist on coming out and reporting for work with the squad, and keep the training rules, I can't prevent you; but from now on, my fat friend, you're a slave."

When Condon first came to Everdale one of the first persons to notice him was Edwards. Standing somewhat over six feet, it was natural that the boss should see in the Freshman possibilities of a live plunger. But alas! Edwards soon discovered that while the new giant was as powerful as a donkey engine, his stomach regulated his life. Condon was good-natured, likeable, and popular with college men; but he was lazy beyond telling. He tried every possible means to arouse the giant, threats, bribes, sarcasm, coaxing, but without avail.

"You'll be a college joke," Edwards growled. "They'll accuse you of cowardice."

"I'll take a chance," Bill replied, without anger. "Better a live joke than a dead center."

From the moment Bill Condon met Ruth James his indolence fell away like a veil, and he became an active, hustling, eager college man, burdened, it is true, by his weight, but filled with mental vivacity.

Bill obtained the largest football suit in captivity and moulded it upon his generous figure.

"You don't look like a football center," harshly observed Tang, his room-mate. "You have a greater resemblance to a tomato en surprise."

Then Bill began.

His friends marveled at his faithfulness, for every day he worked with the football squad, and once in a great while was called from the side lines into a scrimmage by Coach Edwards. But his performances were far from distinguished. He trained with dumb-bells and elastic pulleys in a grim effort to take off some of the superfluous tissue. After a while he had a photo taken and sent to Miss James. Further, Bill entered into negotiations with the printer of the Everdale Weekly, and some surprising news began to filter through that publication. In all newspaper shops you can find reams of print paper one side of which is devoid of print. Mr. Condon wrote the items himself and the linotype man set them up, put them in the galley and ran off proofs by hand, printing the news about Bill on the unsullied side of the paper, making the item look precisely as though it had been clipped from one of the regular editions of the WEEKLY.

Mr. Condon conjured up all sorts of injuries in these items for himself, broken collar-bones, wrenched back, twisted shoulder, strained limbs, and all sorts of mythical injuries, until no sane lady, no matter how she loved football, could expect the wounded man to play.

Now and then Coach Edwards would look at Bill with a peculiar smile and ask how the love affair was coming on.

The day for the big game between Everdale and Ellwood was rapidly approaching. Bill wrote the lady, offering to secure seats for the game, but the reply informed him that this was unnecessary as the family already had tickets.

The Everdale team, regulars and scrubs, were on the sidelines. Bill appeared also, and to the wonderment of all had a bandage on his right arm. One of the regulars suggested he must have gotten the injury rolling cigarettes. Coach Edwards gazed upon the enormous figure and chuckled softly.

The teams were evenly matched but at the end of the first period it stood 6 to 0 in favor of Ellwood. Then Everdale began rushing their opponents until it became evident that Ellwood was focusing their attacks on the center. Time after time the enemy bucked the line for substantial gains, and Green, the big Everdale center, dropped out early in the second period. Both sides were losing valuable men, but at the end of the last period the critical point was reached,—11 to 16 in favor of Everdale, and the ball in Ellwood's possession on Everdale's ten-yard line.

Coach Edwards had been wiping the perspiration from his face; he foresaw imminent disaster. The Everdale team had weakened before the attack, and center after center had been knocked out. Bucking through center was a gainful system and the enemy concentrated at that point. The final center had been carried off dripping and inert. Ellwood would be through the line for a touch-down, which would tie, and kick the winning goal: thereafter it would be a simple matter.

It was in the midst of this desperate situation that the eyes of the hopeless coach fell upon a huge form squatting on the sideline, supporting himself with the bandaged arm. Galloping across the field he grabbed Bill Condon by the shoulder.

"Come on," groaned Edwards, "it's you or nothing, and for heaven's sake, do your best!"

Bill rose dumbly to his feet.

"You're not going to—"

"Shut up and come on," Edwards hissed. "You can't quit; the crowd would tear your heart out. Root yourself into the ground. Keep only one thing in your mind—that you're to stay there at center on your hands and knees and keep them back—"

keep them from going over the line for the next three minutes, and we win!"

Bill Condon dragged himself across the muddy field. The lines formed again. The enemy's center weighed one hundred and ninety-five but Bill weighed two hundred and sixty.

After all, a two-hundred-sixty-pound determined object is a difficult to push lightly aside. Bill breathed hard, dug his hands and feet into the mud and waited. There was a snapping of signals. An instant later it seemed to Bill that a runaway freight train hit him on top of the head and had driven it into his lungs. Ellwood made the first down by exactly six feet, the length of Bill's body.

Again the rattle of signals, and again the runaway freight train hit Bill in the same place. Six feet more. Bill was rapidly losing consciousness, but vaguely he knew it would be over in a minute or two. Again the fierce attack. Then one more, and then—the crowd in Everdale's stands leaped to their feet. Hats scooted into the air, accompanied by handkerchiefs, and umbrellas, and a roar of triumph swelled across the field. Everdale had held Ellwood back and won the game, 16 to 11! They carried Bill to the side-line and Coach Edwards poured some brandy into his throat.

"You big bull, you've won," he yelled. "We've won, man! You're a hero!"

Bill tried to look into the stands but found he could not see very far.

Later in the afternoon, Bill Condon, with cotton gauze and sticking plaster on most of his visible features, accompanied by the faithful Tang, stumbled forth from training quarters. Half a block down the street a big touring car was standing at the curb. Bill waved.

"There's Ruth James," he said. "I'm going to see her, and—who's that getting into the machine? Why, it's Edwards! Come on, Tang."

"No," said Tang firmly, "you are not going to see Miss James. There's something I've got to tell you, Bill. It's this. Ruth James and William Edwards have been engaged for two years. That's all. He is going back with them in their machine."

Bill stared at the departing motor car, wherein a green plume waved.

"Tough luck," he murmured. And he never played football again.

—Morton Howard Margolyes.

THE HOMICIDE

Hear the wind on the outside,
 Moanin' like a creepin' tide,
 Sometimes like a spirit god! but I do fear it!
 . . . Growlin'! Howlin'!
 What if persons really knew?—
 Wind's a-callin' "You, yes, you!"
 Can its song be true?

What's that lyin' over there?
 Feel the movin' of my hair
 On my head like grasses when a soft breeze passes;
 Hitchin'! Twitchin'!
 Yes, my pard is dead, 'tis true!—
 Wind's a-callin' "Yes, yes, you!"
 What if it be true?

Pard's a-comin' right at me,
 'Tis the devil's face I see!
 No, it's slowly changin'! Features rearrangin'!
 Light'nin'! Bright'nin'!
 It's my pard's own features, too!—
 Wind's a-callin' "You, yes, you!"
 And it might be true!

When I look up after while,
 Seems he sneers a sickly smile,
 Layin' there a-starin'! With his eyes a-glarin'!
 Boldly! Coldly!
 There's that cussed wind anew,
 Whisperin' echoes, "You, yes, you!"
 Yes, its song is true!

—Stuart Lower, Masquer, June '15.

MODERN ROMANCE

From behind a cluster of palms Harper Gerry surveyed the dancers in frowning disgust. He had allowed himself to be dragged to the affair merely because the hostess was his sister's best friend; and now he was wishing desperately that he might leave. His collar choked him—his white kid gloves were warm, and his feet cried out for comfortable house-slippers. He had danced twice and had made such a mess of the new tango that he had fled to friendly shelter to mentally criticise all who came his way. There was Tom Brandt, so excited over a pivot that his red hair stood upright. Beside him a fat man, whom Harper did not know, hippity-hopped madly along, his florid countenance adorned with beads of perspiration, and there was Sister Anne herself, whirling giddily toward him.

With a look of disgust, Harper limped out into the cool darkness of the veranda. At the further end a white figure was leaning against the railing. He approached leisurely.

Slowly she turned her head.

"How you startled me," she exclaimed in the most serene and unstartled voice imaginable.

"I'm sorry," he replied humbly, "am I intruding?"

"No—no, indeed." She was silent for a moment. Harper lighted a cigarette, watching her as she gazed out across the dark lawn.

"Aren't you dancing, Mr. —?" She paused with a slight smile, waiting for him to supply the name.

"Gerry—Harper Gerry. No, I'm not much on the new steps, I tried to learn the tango and I made an awful mess of it. Might I ask the same question, Miss —?"

She shook her head—"I haven't danced for ages—not since I was a Senior in high school." She lingered over the words as though they recalled pleasant memories.

"I believe I was eighteen the last dance I went to—"

"You'd hardly say ages," remarked Gerry, and then was conscious of having paid a hackneyed compliment.

"I am twenty-four," she said simply. "You and I have both changed greatly since we last met."

"Since we last met," he repeated blankly.

"Yes, I thought it was you when I saw you a few moments ago. If I am not mistaken you and I had a very enjoyable time at Mrs. Parks' dinner dance."

Harper's cigarette burned his fingers unheeded as he stared open-mouthed at the girl before him. Which one was crazy—or ab-

sent-minded, or something? However, he managed to stammer out—

“Why, yes—my—I didn’t suppose I’d ever have the good fortune to meet you again.” And he beamed upon her, desperately trying to place a woman by the name of Mrs. Parks.

“This dance isn’t much like hers, is it?” he rambled on. “Are you having a good time?”

She looked at him quite frankly, swallowed hard and then confessed—

“No, I’m having a most terrible time.”

“So’m I,” he said confidentially. “Say, may I take these things off?” He began to tug at the despised gloves. “I guess I’m no ladies’ man. Say, you’re not having a good time, neither am I. What do you say we elope?”

“W-what?”

“Oh, temporarily, you know, sort of a ditch-um affair. Tommy Brandt’s car is out there in front—let’s leave the giddy whirl and go for a giddier one.”

“Why—I don’t think—”

“Why not? We had such a good time at Mrs. Parks’ dinner dance.”

She flushed and looked doubtful.

“Well, you see—”

But Harper guided her down the steps, and giggling like children, they sped across the lawn toward a red tail-light by the curb.

Harper glanced doubtfully at her thin dress. “Do you suppose you will take cold? Why, your teeth are chattering.”

“It’s the excitement,” she remarked, “besides, here’s a robe.”

She curled up comfortably while he started the car and they were soon speeding out the River Drive. The June air was warm and fragrant and crickets and katydids chirped on each side of the road.

“Say, I’m ashamed, but I vow I can’t remember your name.”

“My name’s Helen Chester,” she said. She was silent so long that he looked at her curiously.

“You’re not having a good time,” he reproached.

She glanced at him quickly. “Oh, I am,” she exclaimed. “It’s all remarkable.”

The girl fairly drank in the beauty of the night. Harper tried vainly to place the woman named Parks.

Suddenly she burst out, “I don’t feel half as smart as I thought I would.”

“What about?” he looked at her sidewise and then turned his attention again to the road.

“About—it all,—all this performance. I wish you’d turn around and take me back to the party. I was bored to death there, but it’s better than feeling like this.”

Harper was silent a minute, then he said, Miss Chester, suppose you tell me about Mrs. Parks."

"Mrs. Parks," she said scornfully, "is a product of my romantic ideas. There's no such person."

"Then why—?" began Harper gently.

"I'll tell you, then perhaps you'll understand. I'm Alice St. John's cousin and I live in Evansdale."

"Evansdale!"

"Yes,—why, do you know anybody there?"

"Used to, what else?"

"Well, I've lived there all my life. I've had a happy time, but oh, such a deadfully prosy one! I've always wished to go places and meet people—not persons. There's not a thing to do in Evansdale but sit around. Every one is wonderfully kindhearted and all,—but you know—"

Harper nodded understandingly and this gave her courage to go on.

"Aunt Jane and Alice asked me up for charity's sake—yes that's what it was—but I was glad to come. I saw myself sailing through drawing rooms with my best clothes on and everybody asking for introductions to 'Miss St. John's cousin.' I always had a full dance program and the new dances were easy as could be. I had my plans all made but they fell flat. My clothes are not a bit stunning compared to Alice's and I've been bored to death by the snobs I've met."

"Where do I come in?"

"I just had to have some excitement before I went home—I'm going tomorrow, and I thought I would attempt a conquest. I had read of people doing such things, so I thought I would try it. I supposed I could act it out to the end but my conscience will not let me and I've failed miserably; and here I am, joy-riding with a man I don't know." She raised troubled eyes and regarded him solemnly. "Take me back to the party."

Slowly he turned the machine back toward the lights of the town.

"Helen Chester, do you remember how I used to stumble with embarrassment every time I passed you on my way to the black-board?"

She sat up very straight and pushed her hair from her eyes

"You are trying to get it back on me, aren't you?"

"No, I don't wonder if you have forgotten me, but I well remember how you used to look in my direction when I didn't know how to spell 'strychnine.'"

A smile slowly broke over her face. "Oh, but that was my maidenly dignity. I used to watch you and admire you because you could do interest problems. I have often wondered if you would ever come back to Evansdale."

"Really?" He brought the car to a standstill.

"Really," she replied.

"Then I shall," he said—"and we'll elope permanently from Evansdale."

After a moment she settled down cozily and the car chugged back to the party.

—Ruth Hollemback.

WAR — WHAT FOR ?

"WAR IS HELL!" To the ordinary schoolboy these words of General Sherman's have become a joke; but to one that knows and feels the cuts and stabs of war, the phrase has a different meaning. One little instance will illustrate my point.

We have with us in our family today, a young man who, six years ago, was a perfect stranger to all of us. He had made his way over to this country from Russia with an aunt, leaving parents, brothers, and sisters in the homeland. After a hard trip he at last reached his destination in the southern part of Wisconsin. It was then that he first came into our family, and my parents told me that I was to regard him as a brother.

I was then in the fifth grade. He also entered school, starting with the first grade, as he did not know a word of English. Before he had attended school a year, we both passed into the sixth grade. During that summer our family moved to Spokane, and we boys finished our grade school course here.

Today this young man is attending the North Central High School, and is doing well. Until recently he was happy, but he still has a home in Russia. His father, mother, sisters, and brothers are there—and there is trouble in the land—there is WAR! To you, to me, the American-born child, war means nothing, but to the child of Russia it means everything—it means home—it means parents—everything.

"Ben," he said to me some time ago, "I have not received a letter from home for over three months,—I wonder what's the matter!" His face clouded—and I understood.

"I don't know," I answered.

Nothing more was said for a few days, but during that time a change was taking place in him. He grew moody and despondent. Yesterday afternoon, as we were both walking home from school, he suddenly exclaimed, "Ben, when General Sherman said, 'War is Hell,' he said something that he had learned from his own experience." I looked at him and his face was gray with pain. It was some minutes before I spoke. That look and those words opened my eyes. Was he really suffering like that?

"Yes, I guess you're right," I answered slowly.

That night when I entered our room, I found him sitting on the edge of his bed with his head in his hands. I closed the door and he stood up. His eyes were red—and I knew why. "Ben," he said, and he gulped to keep the tears back, "I wonder what's happening in Russia? I wonder what my father is doing—where he is—and where my mother—." He stopped suddenly, threw himself down on the bed, and his whole body shook with his sobs. I turned and clenched my fists to keep back the tears—for there was no answer.





This issue of the Tamarack is dedicated to the memory of Mr. J. Grier Long, who, for four years, was a member of the Spokane Board of School Directors, and who served as president of this body for two years. As a director his name was a synonym for service. On every question that involved the welfare of the Spokane schools he stood for a better and more aggressive public policy, and in his enthusiasm he spared neither time nor money to further the interests of education in this city.

Mr. Long, in his private as well as his public career, manifested a great personal interest in education. He was always a friend of the student and through his aid several young men were able to obtain their college education. It is with a feeling of deepest regret and a sense of great personal loss that we pay tribute to one who has served his community and fellow men faithfully and well.

Mr. Hargreaves believes that every Senior and Junior in high school should have some definite plan for his life-work. For several weeks he has secured the best professional men in the city to talk to the upper classmen about the requirements and difficulties of the various vocations.

From the standpoint of the student these talks have accomplished more than their desired result, not that every boy is going to take up the particular vocations that have been presented, but that through the whole series a certain standard has been repeated again and again. It is that standard which is going to count for success in whatever profession one selects. Analyze it and it consists of honesty, responsibility, and industry. In any business honesty is the best policy. When a man's integrity is never doubted it is one of the best assets to his business. When a man can be relied upon to be on hand with the goods, he is naturally going to

rise. And when a man is so industrious that he manifests a personal interest in his employer's business, he will rise still higher. It is apparent then that the greatest degree of good will not come from the requirements given for a particular vocation but from the broad requirements for any vocation.

As the subscriptions to the Tamarack pay only about one-third the cost of publication, to maintain the high standard that has been set in previous years, the other two-thirds must come from the advertisements. Much credit is due the Business and Advertising Managers for the splendid results that have been obtained in the advertising section this fall. But, fellow students, and especially you who are Freshmen, don't think for one minute that the merchants will continue to advertise unless they get some results from their ads. The contest last spring illustrated how much we patronize our advertisers, but we can't sit back now and take it easy, we must get busy and show the merchants that the same spirit prevails now. Look over the ads, and notice how much more attractive they are this fall; find out who really does advertise and then when you go to purchase something give our advertisers the first chance. They are the liveliest and best merchants in town. Give them one of the red cards (there's lots of them at the office) and let them know you are from the North Central and that you saw their ad. You can help to make the future Tamarack the biggest and best paper that has ever been published, by patronizing our advertisers.

One of the objects of the high school is to instill into the minds of its students the value of their American citizenship. If the school can turn out graduates who realize that within the next few years they must take upon themselves the burden of citizenship and the duties attached to it, who are educated to the point where they understand that they must study governmental affairs exactly as they would study any business, then the high school has advanced one step farther in its line of usefulness.

North Central has done this, in that it has given some of its Civics and History students a chance to vote on the same questions which were before the citizens of Washington on the third of November. The students were told to study the different candidates and the different measures, and a few days before the state election, a miniature election was held in the North Central. The matter was taken seriously by the boys and girls, and numerous discussions were held with regard to the usefulness of certain measures.

The idea was a novel one, and it has certainly served its purpose, in that it has given the students at least a correct idea of how to vote.

THE ART DEPARTMENT

The Art Department of the school, this year, has far surpassed any previous record in size and quality of work. The classes grew so large last spring that it was necessary for the School Board to obtain an assistant for Miss Stowell this fall.

A year ago a jewelry class was permanently established with a very limited number of tools, but the class became so large that it was essential to find new quarters. Room 201 has been fitted up with more extensive apparatus, but because it is still very limited only the smaller problems are undertaken, such as rings, pins, necklaces, fobs, and trays, costing from ten cents to five dollars apiece. Although the department is handicapped to a certain extent some wonderful things are being accomplished.

Likewise in the special arts classes splendid results are being obtained. Under the previous system it was necessary for one teacher to conduct the regular classes in drawing from the Domestic Science Department, the jewelry class, and the special arts class. This necessitated the instruction of all the specials in one class with no regular outline of work. But this fall it was possible to divide the specials into three classes, the beginners, the intermediates, and the advanced students. Under this plan it is obvious that every one is receiving more benefit from the instruction.

At present there are sixty-eight students enrolled in special arts. Classes are organized for every period in the day, and the same credit is given as in jewelry.

The tamarack, as many of you know, is one of the best illustrated school magazines in the United States, and this is largely due to the co-operation of the Art Department with the Tamarack. We can not say too much in favor of the Art Department and every one can justly be proud of what the department has accomplished and is now doing.

The next Tamarack will be dedicated to the graduating class of January, '15, and it is the ambition of the staff to make it the best issue of the magazine that has ever been published. Fellow students of the North Central High School, will you not help to accomplish this purpose? Put forth your best efforts and see if you can not produce the best article that you have ever written. Write a story, a sketch, a criticism, a joke, or a news item. If you would rather draw, try your hand in that department. The members of the Art Staff are not the only ones who are permitted to submit drawings and cartoons for the Tamarack. If your first drawing is refused, don't be discouraged but try again. That is the only way to get to the top. Mr. Johnson or any member of the staff will be more than willing to help you.



If there have been any two branches of the musical activities which have proven more creditable to North Central than any others, those two are the orchestra and the band.

The orchestra has been the product of work and patience inestimable and certainly shows it in its present standard of efficiency. Branches of the main orchestra have played frequently at various industrial conferences and meetings of the Chamber of Commerce as well as at the Fair Grounds in our booth there, and everywhere, there has been a marked enthusiasm shown by the audiences that speaks of acknowledgment of that efficiency. At every play (which we all know would fall flat were it not for the orchestra) its members have sat faithfully at their posts and too often have left without receiving due credit for their work. Remember the "men behind the foot-lights."

Great anxiety was occasioned last spring as to the future of this organization by the graduation of some of its best members in Malcolm Sabiston, Maxine MacArthur, Vern Kimmel, Arthur Davenny, Verne Wilhelm, and James Glaze.

But their places have been ably filled by promising material, and out of the echoes of "The orchestra is dead" have arisen the shouts of, "Long live the orchestra."

The membership at present is as follows:

1st Violin

Gerald Sampson
Robert Green
Ludwig Ruehl
Thula LaFollette
Ethel Thornton
Stella Nelson
Helen Tynan
Lillian Baker
Raymond Bevier

2nd Violin

Edwin Rathbun
Harry Speneer
Bernice Flowers
Irene Anderson
Marvin Anderberg
Frank Bouck
Fred Watt
Valois Murray
Earl Gilmore

Piano

Arthur Torgerson

2nd Clarinet

Howard Lamb

C Clarinet

Walter Millette

Trombone

Willard Millette

Drums

Albert Ramey

Clarinet

William Robinson

Flute

Bonnie Robinson

1st Cornet

Riley Davenny

Cello

Gilbert Robinson

Horn

Homer McDonald

2nd Cornet

Mabel Stone

THE BAND

The band, with its loud uniforms and patriotic music, has won the hearts of every true North Central booster. Many a football and baseball victory is to be attributed to the influence of its work there. "Spud" Davies used to say that if he was finishing the last lap of the mile and was running behind his opponent and he heard the band playing the "Red and Black," he could make the last hundred yards in "nothing at all." The same inspiration used to induce Don Briley to lose the football with a swift kick about every time our goal was in danger, or "Andy" to put a hole through the bat trying to get the ball out of the city limits.

This may seem overdrawn to some but it does not to the students of the North Central. The world can have its patriotic songs, but when it comes to real feeling, the North Central hearts don't want "Marching Through Georgia" but "Marching to the Ball Game," and way out in front we want the band playing the "Red and Black."

A Word From the Leader

The indications for a good band this year are very evident, both in numbers and in quality. Many vacancies were made by the last graduation and there was doubt as to the full instrumentation this year. But these vacancies have been filled with new and able material. Some good players were lost by graduation in Arnold Burmaster, Verne Kimmel, Arthur Davenny, James Glaze, and Malcolm Sabiston. Verne Wilhelm, who has left the city, is also missed.

The greatest credit is due Mr. Rice for the success of this organization and for the progress made at our strenuous rehearsals. Mr. Rice is unbeatable when patience and capable directorship are required.

New music of a standard grade is being added to the musical library from time to time.

It is urged by the Music Department that the lower classmen and eighth-graders decide upon, and study an instrument before their last year at high school. This will be of benefit to both the band and the individual. Make an early start!

The band of the present standard must be maintained in the future and it is up to the students of the North Central High School to maintain this standard by furnishing material and their loyal support to this organization.

The members of the band are:

Cornets—Riley Davenny, Homer McDonald, Louis Meyers, Guy Winship, and Harry Mountain.

Clarinets—William Robinson, Howard Lamb, Robert Hibbet, Walter Millette, and Loring Overman.

Altos—Robert Green, Chester Woodecock, Guy Sheehan, and Douglas Seates.

Baritone—Harold Locke.

Trombone—Willard Millette, Gilbert Robinson, Virgil Wilson, and J. C. McDonald.

Tuba—Merlyn Webber.

Snare Drum—Albert Ramey.

Director—Mr. C. Olin Rice.

It is probably unnecessary to remind the student body of the opera "King Hal" to be staged in this Auditorium the night of December eleventh. But let it be urged that as many as possible attend this production, not as a means of supplying a full house, but so that one and all may see the practical work the Music Department is doing. It is, in principle, a grand opera; that is, the plot of the play is practically all developed by singing instead of speaking parts. However, there is enough of the latter to make the play interesting even to those not otherwise interested in grand opera. The music is certainly excellent and all who come will find it well worth their while.

The late admissions to the cast are as follows:

Tenor	Bass	Alto
Bryant Bishop	Raymond Bevier	Greta Hansley
	George Murphy	
	Carl Stahlberg	
	Guy Winship	



"It frequently happens that the course of a person's life turns upon some suggestion, some unexpected meeting, the reading of a book or the listening to a lecture."—Frank W. Rollins.

At a time when many of our lower as well as upper classmen are considering the choosing of a vocation, it is hoped the books on this subject in the library will shed some light on the varied fields. The following book notes pertaining to this subject are on the books on the shelves of the library.

* * * *

VOCATIONAL BOOKS FOR GIRLS

The object of "Vocations for Girls" by Mary Laselle and Katharine Wiley, both instructors in the Technical High School, Newton, Massachusetts, is to give to young girls some definite information as to conditions of work in the more common vocations. Their book, though very practical, applies more to the vocations of the Eastern girl. It is especially good in that it portrays the disadvantages as well as the advantages of the thirteen different vocations taken up. Why some girls fail in their vocations, the kinds of knowledge required by a girl for success, and what type of girl the different vocations apply to, are some of the practical advice given here. This volume, besides being practical, is entertaining in that it shows the different occupations that are open to a girl of average education.

* * * *

—Lucile Yeager.

The selection of the right kind of work and the adequate preparation for doing this work well is emphasized in the first part of "Vocations for Girls." In the second part a very practical and interesting discussion of occupations is given, including wages, chances of advancement, and opportunities in various professions. Many of the chapters are concluded with a few words from successful business women.

The book was prepared by a committee of teachers under the direction of E. W. Weaver, Director of Vocational Guidance and Industrial Education Bureau of the Buffalo Chamber of Commerce.

Beth Chapman, June '15.

* * * *

VOCATIONAL BOOKS FOR BOYS

"Choosing a Career," by Onson Swett Marden, is a book that should be read by every young man and woman in high school. The author tells how to fit oneself to surrounding conditions, the positions to choose and those to reject, the things that are essential to success, and how to overcome the obstacles met with in each career. He gives suggestions as to possible careers for both men and women, and the work that must be done in each. To those young people who are undecided as to what their life-work will be, this book will be of the greatest value.

—John W. Koontz, '15.

* * * *

F. W. Rollins, in his book, "What Can a Young Man Do," embraces so many occupations and his form of writing is so clear and interesting, that this volume affords many helpful suggestions on the various vocations. He gives the fundamental necessities for efficiency in every occupation and the future prospects of every field, ranging from the navy to the ministry, from the chauffeur to the ambassador. By including such a variety of ideas this book proves to be both an instructive and an attractive one.

* * * *

LIBRARY BOARD

It is interesting to note that the adoption of the Student Library Board has attracted what might be called nation-wide attention, as high schools, even as far away as Massachusetts, are writing here asking for particulars in regard to this student activity.

* * * *

THE APPEARANCE OF THE LIBRARY

If each one would bear it in mind that the North Central is his home for a fourth of each day, one would be more careful about letting waste paper accumulate on the floor of the library. The wicker basket in the corner of the room near the door is the place where these troublesome pieces of paper should find their way, and if each one saw to it that they accumulated in this receptacle, the appearance of the library would be greatly improved.



CURRENT EVENTS

DJS

On Monday, October fifth, the girls gathered in the auditorium to listen to the second of a series of lectures on, Health and Physical Culture, by Miss Fannie Biekley.

The heating, lighting, ventilating and elevator systems of the new Davenport Hotel were thoroughly inspected by twenty-five energetic boys of the North Central Engineering Society, on Friday, October second.

"The weakest thing in our public school system," said Mr. B. M. Watson in convocation, Thursday, October seventeenth, "is our failure to co-ordinate our school training with our lives afterwards, with our occupations. But we are fast bridging this chasm. In choosing an occupation choose the one for which you are best fitted. Some want to study law, not because they are particularly fitted to be lawyers but because by this means they may get into Congress.

"Then after deciding what occupation you are going to follow, consider the chances of advancement. Choose one that leads somewhere, not a blind alley. For the girls there is no higher calling than housekeeping. For the boys I would recommend one occupation, that is agriculture. In this there is no competition and never will be. The market is unlimited. Next century the problem will be one of food. If the world continues to multiply it means that we must get five times as much from each acre as we have before. Agriculture is worthy of our best boys."

Riley Davenmy opened the exercises with two cornet solos, "The Lost Chord" and "Killarney," and after the speech Gilbert Robinson played "Cantilena" and "Musette," on his 'cello.

Mr. C. A. Chase, manager of the New Davenport Hotel, one of the finest structures of its kind in the west, spent three-quarters of an hour on Wednesday, November 11, in talking to the boys of

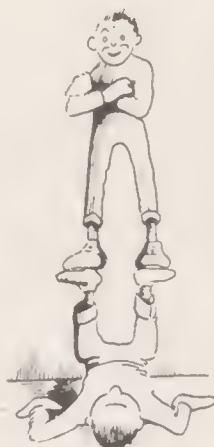
Scenes from the Delta- Freshman Frolic



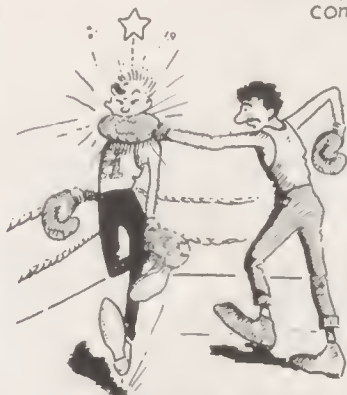
Clyde Harris
preformed
on the parallel
bars.



Taylor and Foley
entertained as blackface
comedians.



A difficult feat
in tumbling by
the "YMCA"
tumbler.



Olsen and McIsaacs
participated in a friendly bout.



F.H. Beutelspacher
and his Indian Clubs.

the Junior and Senior classes on taking up the hotel business as a life's work.

"The most important thing that a hotel man should have," said Mr. Chase, "is the ability to meet every little difficulty cheerfully, and there are hundreds of them which come up every day in a hotel, and to adjust them so that all are satisfied. A man should be naturally endowed in this way if he wants to make a success, as he is meeting hundreds of different people each day, and he must know just when to loosen or tighten the screws.

"A boy who wishes to gain promotion in my hotel must always be ready to do what is asked of him on the jump. Nothing should be of too much trouble for him to do, if it is for the comfort of the guests. When I see one of my bell-boys always ready to help at something, then that boy stands a good chance of promotion.

"I do not believe that an education is essential to be a successful hotel man, but I do say that the high school and college trained boy or young man has a decided advantage over a young fellow without an education. The latter boy does not have the chance to get an understanding of physics, chemistry, etc., which the former does, and therefore is at a great disadvantage. If I understood more about electricity than I do now, I could run the hotel a great deal better. So I believe that the well-trained man is the person with the best chances for success on his side."

A number of new pictures have lately been hung in the halls of the school, and more are yet to come. These are the memorial of the Class of June 1914, which have recently been framed, but we soon hope to see the whole collection distributed throughout the school.

The Masque Dramatic Society is offering a fifty dollar prize for the best words for a school song submitted by any member or Alumni of the school. The contest is not to close until a song, which the judges believe worthy, is received.

Four North Central boys have formed a quartet and are singing at different functions. They are, Guy Sheehan, Bryan Bishop, Frank Taylor, and David Kirk.

Dr. A. H. Benefiel, chemistry teacher of North Central High School, entertained fifty boys and girls from the eighth grade of the Webster school on October thirtieth, by giving a demonstration in oxygen and hydrogen. Mr. C. J. Boyington, who is principal of the Webster school, decided that such a demonstration as Mr. Benefiel gave would help his pupils in their study of physiology; and

also in bringing them to the high school he has helped to interest them in furthering their education.

Mr. Johnson, instructor in botany, taught at the University of Washington during the summer months.

Fifty black velvet hats made by the girls of the Sewing Department were laid out for inspection on Tuesday afternoon, October thirteenth, in the sewing room. This is the first time millinery has been taught in the Sewing Department and it has met with such success that hereafter it will be a part of the Domestic Science course. By a little ingenuity in the use of old materials, the girls have been able to save from five to ten dollars on their hats.

The teachers of the school were invited to the display and were served with light refreshments by the girls of the Domestic Science Department.

On October fourth Ray Foley, one of the students of the Public Speaking Department, appeared before the school in convocation, and gave a reading, "Jim Bludsoe of the Prairie Bell."

Mr. Foley is the first member of the class to read before the school, but now other members will be seen at different times. The idea of Miss Rogers, teacher of public speaking, is that this will benefit the students, as they will have the experience of appearing before a large audience.

A course in American Literature has been added to the curriculum of the high school, and this class, under Mr. L. W. Sawtelle, is studying the works of American authors and poets.

Mr. V. L. Sapoe, entomologist of the Kentucky Tobacco Co., gave a talk on insects to Mr. Bonser's agriculture classes. He talked especially on the pests on house plants, in the garden, and in the orchards.

"The Prospects and Requirements of the Medical Profession" was the subject of an address by Dr. Fredrick Epplen, a prominent physician of this city, at the special convocation of the Junior and Senior boys on October twenty-seventh.

"In regard to education," said Dr. Epplen, "I do not think the boys immediately after completing high school are mature enough to take up the study of medicine. For this reason I would suggest that the regular classical course should be taken in some good college for two years. At the end of this time subjects per-

taining to medicine should be taken up. In this way a student when a Senior in college would be only a Sophomore in the medical course.

"I consider that the interesting and efficient way of studying medicine is to specialize. A general physician is seldom known outside the city in which he practices, while the specialist is often known all over the world."

Dr. Epplen told the boys to consider well the various occupations before choosing their life vocation, and after making their choice to stay with it and study hard. He estimated that four hundred dollars would defray the expenses of such a course in most of the best colleges of today, for one year. In order to secure a complete medical education a physician must invest from twenty to thirty thousand dollars.

The jewelry classes under the supervision of Miss Lillian Stowell are accomplishing great things in silver, brass, copper, and stone-setting work. The class has twenty-eight pupils enrolled at the present time, and do their own designing and buy their own materials. Out of silver the students make rings; pins, brooches, and fobs. Out of brass and copper they do hammered work, making trays, jewel boxes, and small nut bowls. They also do some setting work and the more advanced students are doing outside order work. The average cost to each student is \$6.00 a semester.

The last three periods of each day is devoted to jewelry work, the pupils working for two periods receive one credit as in the rest of the fine arts subjects. At present the equipment is very small, owing to the lack of space given to the work. Next term with better equipment and a larger room, the work will be continued on a much larger scale, as the students seem very much interested in it.

The educational value of this kind of work is very great, because from it the student learns construction, accuracy, and the use of fine tools, and he also develops a sense for art.

Three teachers from the Household Arts Department, Miss May Frank, Miss Carrie Hitchcock, and Miss Eva Seantlebury, were chosen to give a series of three lectures at the National Apple Show upon the scientific phases of cooking. Verna Lubking, who took first honors at the Industrial Contest at Tacoma, was invited to demonstrate at the Apple Show but declined because of heavy work in school.

James Gemberling, the head janitor of the North Central High School, better known to the students as "Jim," while repairing a

MISS FEHR'S LECTURE



Waiting to see the American Consul.



I waved my hands in the air
until he stopped.



O! We were so hungry!



Ordering a
a three-
dollar room with
ten cents in my pocket.
FREDA S

window, Saturday, November seventh, lost his balance and fell thirty feet to the concrete steps. His leg was badly broken and he received a severe scalp wound.

Mr. Gemberling was standing on the window sill attempting to put a new glass in the window. He lost his balance and fell, striking against the projecting arch of the front entrance and bounding off on the steps below. He was taken to St. Luke's Hospital, where he will be confined for several weeks.

Jim was always ready to help the students and was a true "North Sider." That the students appreciated this is shown by the fact that the classes voted to send him flowers during his convalescence.

In behalf of the school The Tamarack extends its deepest sympathy to the bereaved family of Robert Williamson. Mr. Williamson died Saturday morning, November seventh. He has a daughter, Gladys, in school, who is a member of the Senior B Class.

"AT HOME" IN NORTH CENTRAL

Never in the history of the North Central High School has so many feet paced the halls and corridors at one time as on Saturday evening, November 14th. Four thousand students, parents and patrons of the school jostled each other good humoredly as they strove to enter the gymnasium and auditorium in order to witness the programs which were being carried on by the students.

All the laboratories on the third floor were open, and different demonstrations were carried on by the students. In the physics laboratory were shown the operations of a steam engine, dynamo, and other electrical apparatus.

The department of Botany and Zoology had an interesting scientific collection of native plants of the Spokane Valley. A collection of six hundred species of insects of Eastern Washington, native reptiles of the state, and the laboratory work of the students were on display.

In the Chemistry Department an apparatus for the extraction of fat from butter, cocoa, or any material containing fat was in operation, as well as a distillation apparatus. The Geology Department was primarily in the hands of the students, who explained the scope and work of the classes and experimented with different minerals.

Mr. Bonser, instructor in Agriculture, had one of the most interesting and complete displays in the entire school. Experi-

ments were shown on the water table, soil drainage, soil irrigation, soil capillarity, and soil transpiration. Plant propagation by cuttings was shown, and a large display of potted bulbs. There was a display of insects, of plant diseases, of vegetables, of grains and grasses, and of the students' seed collection, together with pictures of the students at work in the school garden.

On the second floor the greatest attractions were the sewing room, the mechanical drawing room, and the Art Department with its display of the students' work. A special attraction was the Jewelry Department, with a fine display of metal work.

In the library the guests were entertained by the Student Government Board.

The Domestic Science and Manual Training rooms were overcrowded during the entire evening, and many exhibits in each department drew the guests' attention.

GERMANISTISCHE GESELLSCHAFT

At a meeting held the first of October, the following officers were elected:

President	Catherine Horstman
Vice President	Clinton Diamond
Secretary	Hazel Fisher
Treasurer	Wilfred Newman
Tamarack Reporter	Mildred Kershaw

At this meeting Miss Pehr told the club many of her interesting experiences in Germany and France.

This year promises to be a full one in work and also pleasure, and the club is expected to flourish.

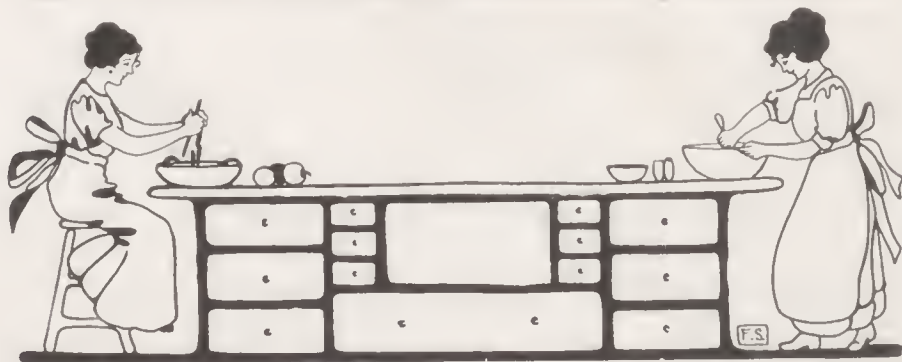
FRESHMAN A

Our first meeting was delayed until a constitution could be framed. The enthusiasm of the class was shown in the large attendance at the first meeting. Llewellyn McEachran presided at the meeting. The election of officers was held, with the following results:

Llewellyn McEachran	President
Jewell Wilburn	Vice President
Albert Dalstrom	Secretary
Stanley Jordan	Treasurer
Nathalie Teeklenburg	Reporter
Fred Hilliker	Sergeant-at-Arms

Verna Lubking, Mildred Oliver and Will Bower represented the North Central High School at the Boys and Boys' Agricultural and Industrial Contest held in Tacoma on October 26, 27 and 28. They were accompanied by Mr. Hargreaves, Miss Frank, Miss Clarke and Mr. Davis, who attended a meeting of the Washington Educational Association held in the same city. Afterwards Mr. Hargreaves made a special trip to Seattle to visit the high schools.

In the contests Mildred Oliver and Will Bower did not place, but Verna Lubking easily carried off the first honors in the cooking department. Her record shows that she was the first one to finish in each case, with no failures. The contestants were given ten hours in which to finish their work, and they were tested on every form of cookery. After winning Miss Lubking received a diploma for her work.



ATHLETICS

THE NEW SYSTEM

The School Board passed a ruling last December prohibiting all out-of-town athletic contests for the high schools of this city. By so doing they hoped to give the smaller boys a chance to get into the games and get the physical training they needed.

Under the old system a few "huskies" were in every branch of athletics and the weaker boys could only stand by and watch them play the game as well as get the physical training. This the School Board had in mind when they put the new ruling into effect, hoping to give the others a chance.

The new system has been tried out in many of the eastern high schools and colleges and has proven a success where given the right chance to prove its worth. Andover College, in Massachusetts, has adopted the system and has found it to be more than a success. There are no games outside of the school itself and the following system is used: There are twelve teams, each having a separate coach, who is also an instructor in the college. In this way every man has a place on some team and gets the benefit of hard physical training, and the enthusiasm is kept up by a long schedule of games between the teams of the school. By having no outside games it is not necessary to pick a representative team, so all the men are in the game all the season.

The system as tried out in Spokane has proven a success in some respects. A larger number of men turned out for football than have ever come out before. The majority of the ninety candidates for the team played in the Inter-class League schedule and for a short time got the real physical help.

The annual Thanksgiving game, however, made it necessary for the coaches to pick the "regulars" to represent the school in that contest. To pick this team it was necessary, of course, to choose the strongest and best fitted men for the places. The others who didn't make the second team had to drop from the game with only a few weeks' training.

There being only the one contest of the year has in a large respect tended to "kill" the interest in the game for the players

and also for the student body as well. Many of the boys do not care to train as rigidly as they would if there were a number of games in the season instead of the one.

The fact that there is the game with the Lewis and Clark makes impossible a more complete class schedule being played and to work out the system in the way it should be worked out to give it a fair chance to prove its qualities. The system under the conditions it has met here has to a certain extent made a change for the better because it materially helped a greater number of boys than did the old way, even though conditions have been adverse to it. There is no doubt that if the same system that is used by Andover College could be brought into use here the results would be the same and the less husky men given a better chance as well as a better physical training.

SENIORS "BEAT" JUNIORS

The third game of the inter-class series went to the Seniors when they defeated the Junior eleven on Wednesday, October seventh, 9 to 0.

After the kickoff the Seniors held the Juniors for downs on the 19-yard line and Harold Neely, the fast Senior half, took the ball over the line after a 15-yard run. He also kicked the goal. The Seniors scored their other two points in the third quarter when they blocked an attempted punt and scored a safety.

The speed of Harold Neely and the sure tackling of "Will" Anderson were the features of the game. For the losers Reg Bullivant, "Moose" Witbeck, and Russ White were the stars.

The lineup was:

Juniors (0)		Seniors (9)	
Lentz	L. E.....	Wallace	
Russell	L. T.....	W. Anderson	
Bishop	L. G.....	Groom	
Crowe	Center.....	Marks	
Murray	R. G.....	Dwyer	
Witbeck	R. T.....	Bryant	
Olsen	R. E.....	Hunter	
White	Quarter.....	McKenzie	
Quigley	L. H.....	Neely	
Bullivant	R. H.....	Johnson	
Lucas	Fullback.....	Smith	

Substitutions: Johnson for Bishop; R. Anderson for Hunter.

SOPHOMORES 3, FRESHMEN 0

In the hardest fought game of the series the Freshmen were defeated by the Sophomore team by the small score of 3 to 0.

The teams were evenly matched and except for Skadan's goal in the third period the game was anybody's. After the goal was made neither side was in serious danger of being scored upon.

The kicking of "Curly" Skadan and the line bucking of McPhee and Melsaacs were the features of the game.

For the Freshmen Gray and Rouse divided honors with Melsaacs and McPhee; while for the winners Skadan and Harris were the stars.

The lineup:

Sophomores (3)		Freshmen (0)	
Shannon	L. E.....	Quass	
Armond	L. T.....	McCoy	
Torkelson	L. G.....	Hamer	
Anderson	Center.....	Gaitskill	
Overman	R. G.....	Watt	
Lindsley	R. T.....	Richardson	
Redmond	R. E.....	Rouse	
Durst	Quarter.....	Melsaacs	
Harris	L. H.....	McPhee	
Shiel	R. H.....	Gray	
Skadan	Fullback.....	Daniels	

SENIORS ARE CHAMPIONS

By winning their third consecutive victory, the Senior team, captained by Dave McKenzie, annexed the championship of the North Central Inter-class League when they defeated the Freshman eleven, 39 to 0.

At no time during the game did the Freshmen give the Seniors any cause for worry. The superior weight and management of the team made the game, to use the words of a Senior, "a pipe."

Harold Neely was the stellar performer of the game, scoring three touchdowns and a field goal. Claude Smith and Dave McKenzie divided second place honors, each scoring a touchdown.

Melsaacs, Gray, and Rouse played their best and, though on the small end of the score, were not whipped until the final whistle.

The lineup was:

Seniors (39)		Freshmen (0)	
Wallace	L. E.....	Quass	
W. Anderson	L. T.....	McCoy	
Groom	L. G.....	Hamer	

Marks	Center.....	Gaitskill
Dwyer	R. G.....	Watt
Brandt	R. T.....	Richardson
Hunter	R. E.....	Rouse
McKenzie	Quarter.....	Melsaas
Neely	L. H.....	McPhee
Johnson	R. H.....	Gray
Smith	Fullback.....	Daniels

JUNIORS-SOPHOMORES TIE

In the last game of the schedule the Junior and Sophomore elevens battled to a 6 to 6 tie. The game was to have decided the second place honors, both teams having won and lost a game.

The Juniors' only score came when Lentz recovered a forward pass after a Sophomore back had touched the ball. Lentz made a run of 25 yards to the goal. The Juniors failed to kick goal.

The kicking of "Curly" Skadan was responsible for the scores made by the Sophomores. He made two field goals, one in the first quarter from the 20-yard line, and one in the third period from the 25-yard line.

Lentz, Bullivant, and Quigley were the Junior stars. Skadan, Harris, and Redmond played best for the Sophomores.



THE TAMARACK

NORTH CENTRAL WINS THE INTERSCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONSHIP OF SPOKANE

SCORE: NORTH CENTRAL	26
LEWIS & CLARK	0

Before a crowd of about 5000 people, the North Central easily revenged their defeat of last year. It was a typical football day, and both teams were in prime condition.

Our team was loyally supported by the students, and under the leadership of Sig. Blum and Paul Cox they kept up a continuous round of yells. The band was out and helped to bring the bacon home.

The game started off with a whirl, and it seemed as though we were going to have a fight for our lives, but it soon settled down and our team easily showed their superiority.

Twice was Lewis and Clark within striking distance of the goal, but both times they failed to make the required yardage.

The line-up was as follows:

North Central		Lewis and Clark	
Bullivant	L. E. R.....	Hatch	
R. Anderson.....	L. T. R.....	Cohn	
Russell	L. G. R.....	Waggoner	
Kolbe	C.....	Ferris	
Witbeck	R. G. L.....	Lanz	
Smith	R. T. L.....	Kienholz	
Crowe	R. E. L.....	Plastino	
Melsaas	Q.....	Cone	
McKenzie	L. H. R.....	Galbraith	
Harris	R. H. L.....	Curtice	
Skadan	F.....	Carnahan	

Substitutes—North Central, Groom for Russell; Russell for

THE TAMARACK

Groom; Brant for Witbeck; Witbeck for Brant; Quigley for McKenzie.
Lewis and Clark, Cowling for Hatch.

North Central scoring—Touchdowns Skadan, Melsaacs Bullivant;

Score by quarters:

North Central	0	10	6	10	26
Lewis and Clark.....	0	0	0	0	0

goals from touchdown (Skadan); goals from placement (Skadan 2).

Officials—Referee, B. A. Clark; umpire, James Henderson; head
linesman, John Jones.

This makes the fourth game of the series. Lewis and Clark hav-
ing won two and North Central two.

Scores:

	L. & C.	N. C.
1910	45	0
1912	6	61
1913	3	0
1914	0	26



FOOTBALL, THE RED-BLOODED GAME.



ED QUIGLEY.

BUTLER STRONGEST FRESHMAN

In the annual strength test for the Freshmen, conducted by Physical Director A. C. Woodward, Earl Butler was first, defeating Lyell Watt for honors by 1.02 points, Watt having scored 1448.18 to Butler's 1449.2 points.

Fred Watt was third with 1432.55 points. Patrick Kelly was fourth with 1388.85. Claude Newberry fifth, and Andred Coy sixth with 1296.95 and 1295.14 points each.

The leaders in the individual events were:

Lung capacity: Fred Watt, 328 cubic inches; Lyell Watt, 286; Earl Hodgson, 270.

Strength of right forearm: Fred Watt, 140 pounds; Earl Butler, 130; Dan Briggs, 130.

Strength of left forearm: Fred Watt, 140 pounds; Lyell Watt, 125; Dan Briggs, 125; Earl Butler, 120.

Strength of back: Fred Watt, 370 pounds; Lyell Watt, 125;

Strength of back: Fred Watt, 370 pounds; Lyell Watt, 325; Earl Butler, 330; Frank Bouch, 330.

Strength of legs: Fred Watt, 630 pounds; Lyell Watt, 630; Earl Butler, 580; James Woodson, 540.

Pull-ups (biceps muscles): Robert Cartwright, 18 times; LeRoy Lovejoy, 17; Earl Butler, 14.

Dips (triceps muscles): Albert Olson, 12 times; Stanley Adams 11; Claude Newberry, 10; Neal Smith, 10.

Frank Skadan, football, track, and baseball star, is for the second successive year the "strong man" of North Central. The contest was open to all the students of the school and was conducted in the same way as the Freshman strength contest.

Skadan's record of 2196.43 points shows an increase of 160.43 points over his last year's records.

Dave Kirk was second with 2162 points, and Clyde Harris was third with 2012.5.

Following are the three highest scores:

	Skadan	Kirk	Harris
Age	19	17	19
Weight	163.7	177	158
Lung capacity	300	320	286
Strength of forearm (right)	145	170	150
Strength of forearm (left)	130	150	140
Strength of back	460	480	425
Strength of legs	812	815	825
Dips (triceps muscles)	77	13	16
Pull-ups (biceps muscles)	28	17	13
Total points	2196.4	2162	2012.5

TENNIS

The boys at the North Central can learn a lesson in school-spirit and loyalty from the way the girls of their school have taken up tennis this fall.

About forty girls responded to Tennis Coach Kreider's call for candidates for the singles tournament. Not only did they just "come out," but they worked their hardest.

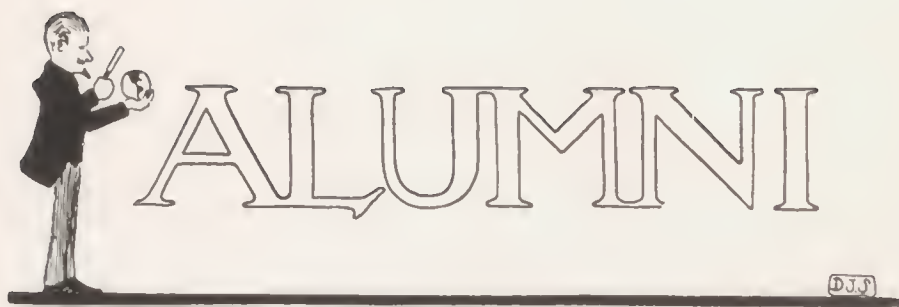
Garnett Ferguson won the singles championship after she defeated Lela Palmer for first place honors, 10-12, 8-6, 6-3, 6-2.

Even a greater number of the girls turned out for the doubles tournament. Each girl chose her own partner and went into the game to win.

The finals were played between Genelle Wallace and Glenna Lee, and Mildred Oliver and Garnett Ferguson, on Wednesday, November the eleventh.

After the boys' singles tournament was won by Gerald Hoover, the interest seemed to die out and the coach was disappointed in the way the boys turned out for the doubles. Not only did a few teams come out but these that did report failed to show the interest they should have shown.





University of Washington,
October 27, 1914.

Dear North Central:

I received the first issue of the Tamarack today and was glad to learn what everyone was doing and what the school, as a whole, had undertaken for the year. Perhaps you think that we Spokane people here have no interest in the North Central now. If so, you are greatly mistaken, for we watch and wait eagerly for all news from home, and we are with you in everything that you attempt. We have never had occasion to regret that we received our diplomas from the North Central.

This school here is wonder. I am enjoying every minute of my work. The spirit of the three thousand, three hundred forty-eight students is one to be admired. Democracy is the element which has been desired in all our American institutions today, and the University of Washington certainly has attained this element. A man is taken for what he is and what he can do.

I wish some of the high school girls could see how the girls over here dress. Some of them would certainly be surprised. One-piece dresses, usually Peter Thompsons, sweaters, and sensible walking shoes comprise the average college girl's outfit. Their hair is arranged simply and I have not as yet seen a co-ed whose face was made up. This feature of university life is one to be praised and is worthy of attention by some of the younger girls.

I want to urge each and everyone who can possibly attend college to do so, for any such opportunity should not be refused. Of course, I should be glad, and hope, that your choice will be Washington.

Sincerely yours,

BERTA HINDLEY.

Jean Gorrill, June '14, and Leon Hills, June '12, were married in July. They are living in this city.

Bernice Hare, January '13, and Walter Doust, a North Central graduate of June '12 were married in this city in October.

Alan Paine, June '13, has been elected President of the Sophomore Debating Society at Harvard.

John Shaw, June '14, won the tennis championship at Washington-Jefferson College this fall.

Ralph Robinson, June '12, has been elected President of the Spokane Club at the University of Washington. Chris Rohwer of the same class is Secretary of the club.

Willard Mattes, June '14, was elected President of the Spokane Club at W. S. C.

Mary Magee, June '13, was married to Delbert Francis in June. They are now living in Spokane.

Cecelia Kerkhoven, who graduated from the North Central in June '14, was married in July to Jan Brent, an officer in the army of The Netherlands. Shortly after they were married, Mr. Brent was called to Holland on account of the war. A letter from Mrs. Brent to one of her friends in Spokane tells of an interesting experience that she had while on a ship bound for Holland. On account of the presence of some German reservists on board, the French captured the boat and they were held as prisoners for several days before they were allowed to go on to their destination.

ALUMNI FROM THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

January 1912

Edith MacDonald is at present acting as secretary to President Foster of Reed College in Portland.

Frances McKenzie is employed by the Spokesman-Review.

Ruth Maurer holds a position as stenographer with the Day-Hansen Investment Company.

June 1912

Ethel Allen is secretary to the City Superintendent of Schools, Mr. B. M. Watson.

Glen Alverson is employed as bookkeeper for the Diamond Ice and Fuel Company.

Florence Taylor is stenographer for the Western Trading Co.

Margaret Jacobson is acting as stenographer to the Western Life Insurance Co.

Cornelia Oerter is stenographer to the Board of Education.

Bess Davenport is doing stenographic work for the County Treasurer.

January 1913

Linda Alta Diehl is stenographer for the Inland Empire Paper Company.

Ethel Wiedeman is employed as stenographer in the Business Office of the Spokesman-Review.

Gust Jansen is Council Record Stenographer, City of Spokane.

June 1913

Grace Burton is employed by Messrs. Sharp & Irvine, Brokers, in the position of stenographer.

Laura Hiss is stenographer for the Sharp & Irvine Investment Company.

Samuel Hill is working for the Standard Oil Company.

Walter Howe is employed by Coates, Hughes & Coates.

Harold Leydig is working for the Hofius Steel and Construction Company.

Sylvester English is a salesman at the Palace Store.

January 1914

Mabel Diehl is at present with the Inland Paper Company.

Howard Potter is employed by the Great Northern Railway Company.

Clarence Sampson holds a position as stenographer and bookkeeper for the Pioneer Lumber Company.

James Wiedeman is employed by the National Bank of Commerce.

June 1914

Mary Cutler holds a position of stenographer for the Y. M. C. A.

Grace Ferguson is stenographer for Hodgins Brothers, Merchandise Brokers.

Grace Hancock is employed as stenographer for the Y. M. C. A.

Olive McConnell is now acting as stenographer for the Spokesman-Review.

Burchard Ross is stenographer for the Chamber of Commerce.

Robert Yorke is working for the O.-W. R. & N. Railway Co.

EXCHANGES



THE TAHOMA—

Your October number is a clever little magazine. Its wit and humor is above the average.

THE RED AND BLACK, East Salt Lake High School—

You are to be complimented on the September number of your magazine. The arrangement of your publication is very attractive. Additional cuts of the character and quality that you have, in our opinion would be an improvement.

THE RED AND GRAY, National High School, California—

The departments you have are well written up, though we wish the magazine might be larger. The essay on the Conservation of National Forests is especially good. It is quite a disappointment to find no jokes or cartoons, and we hope you will put some in next time.

THE COURANT

From the Bradford High School in Pennsylvania contains two good stories. "The Green Limousine" is very interesting. We hope to receive the next issue.

CARDINAL, Lincoln High School, Portland—

Your magazine is one of our best exchanges. The Literary and Poetry Departments are splendid. The system you use in the exchanges makes them very interesting.

THE COMET—

A well edited paper. The little guide for the Freshmen is quite novel.

THE COLUMBIAD—

You are to be congratulated on receiving a prize on the essay, "The Appreciation of the Poetry and Prose of the North." Why do you not have any of your clubs or societies represented?

WHIMS—

What an attractive little paper! All the departments are complete. The class notes are well written up.

THE WORLD, Saint Paul, Minnesota—

An interesting number with some very good stories, and funny cartoons. The novel cover design helps toward making it one of our best exchanges.

THE LEWIS AND CLARK JOURNAL—

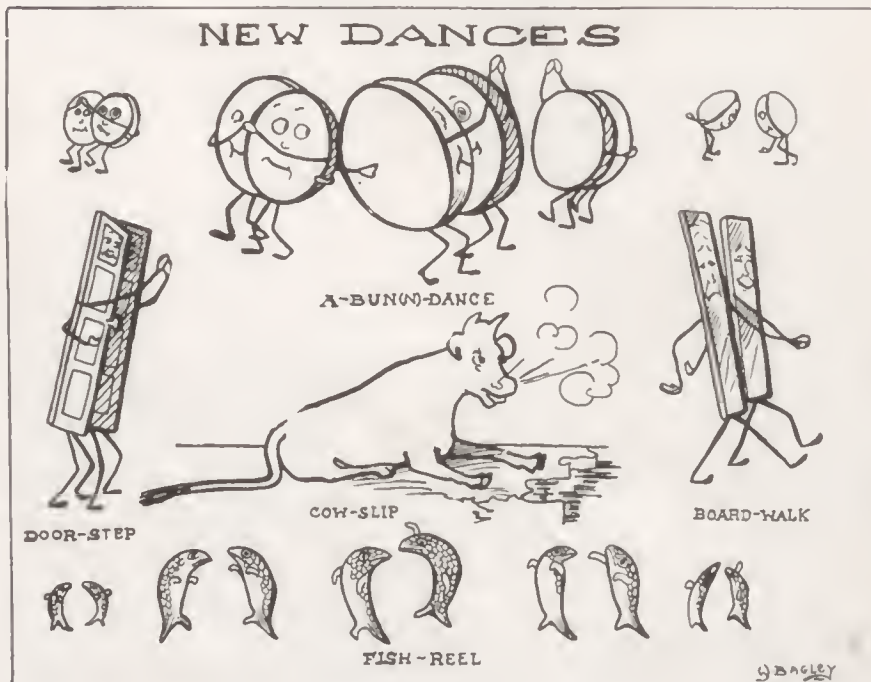
A magazine possessing qualities in its various sections which make it one of our best exchanges.

Other exchanges received are:

Kinnikinick, Cheney, Washington.

Optimist, Bloomington High School, Bloomington, Indiana.

The Latin Register, Boston.





JOKES

I like these simple jokes, because
Their morals are so high,
For like the Prohibitionists,
They, all of them, are dry.

—Ex.

Miss Rogers (Public Speaking II)—Robert, I wish you would pay a little attention.

Robert K.—I'm paying as little as possible.

Freshie to Junior—Where is the library—the place where you study?

Junior—The library is down at the end of the hall, but I haven't the least idea where the place where you study is.

BRIGHT! OIL, MY!

These Are Answers to Some Test Questions

Q. What is debating?

A. Debating is that form of discourse in which one side argues that a truth is true and the other side tries to reason that a truth is untrue.

* * *

Q. Tell about society in Homeric times.

A. It was very simple; the princesses took in washing.

* * *

Q. How were senators elected in Sparta?

A. In electing senators in Sparta, the judges sat in a balcony while the candidates were in a room by themselves and they all shouted and the one who shouted the loudest got it.

Q. Name six kinds of plains.

A. Structural plains, worn-down plains, glacial plain, and aeroplane (eolian plain).

* * *

Q. What should be avoided in order to use good diction?

A. Reputation (repetition).

* * *

Q. What is rhetoric?

A. Rhetoric is the study of authors and their lives.

* * *

Q. What is a vocabulary?

Answers: It is the arrangement of cells in your brain. It is your dictionary in your own head. It is a large collection of any thing. Vocabularies are the things that should be left out of diction.

* * *

Q. Give briefly the story of "The Creation."

A. The earth was without form and void when God found it. The first day the Lord created day and night with form and void.

* * *

Q. Give briefly the story of "The Flood."

A. The Lord built an ark and went out in it and it rained 40 days and nights. Finally he looked out to see if it had stopped. Then he sent a dove out to be sure. Then he went out on dry land.

* * *

Q. Give an incident in the life of Adam.

A. Ate off of apple Eve pick.

* * *

Q. What is artistic description?

A. The feeling that the reader or hearer gets—e. g., a sagging roof.

* * *

Q. What is a gentian (blue flower)?

A. A clergyman of the church.

A. It is a bird larger than a falcon but resembles it in that they both belong to the same family with the hawk.

—————

Miss Wilsen (Eng. VIII, reading mythology)—Mary, what do you think are the chief characteristics of this story?

Mary E.—Well, there are some good figures in it—I mean figures of speech.

She (as they encountered a vicious bulldog) —“Go on, Percy, you know you said you would face death for me.”

He—“But he isn’t dead.”

His Wife—“I just can’t bear to see you smoking, John. The doctor says that it is slow poison.”

Her Husband—“Well, I’m going to take quick poison just to please you and the doctor.”

“What’s the matter, little boy?”

“M-maw’s gon an’ drowned all the kittens.”

Dear! dear! Now that’s too bad.”

“Yep, she p-promised—boo-hoo!—’at I e’n’d do it.”

“How many ribs have you, Tommy?” asked the teacher of physiology.

“I don’t know, ma’am,” giggled Johnny, squirming around on one foot. “I’m so awfully ticklish I never could count them.”

“Do you have many wrecks here?”

The fisherman looked contemptuously at the city man, who was in bathing dress. He looked contemptuously at his hollow chest and white, thin legs and arms and then he replied:

“You’re the first I’ve saw this season.”

Earl Dearie Lost

Miss Broomhall about 30 minutes after having marked the roll, discovered Earl D., whom she had marked absent, on the back row, hidden behind the girls and papers.

Miss B. recommends that since there is so little of him, that he place it in a more conspicuous place.

Freshie to Senior—“My, but it’s noisy in invocation, isn’t it?”

Mr. Kaye (calling roll call)—“Helen Hash?”

Students—“She’s not here.”

Kaye—“Haven’t we any Hash here?”

Students—“Not today.”

Kaye—“Maybe it will come in on the next course.”

Newspaper Correspondent (coming into Mr. Rice's Third Period Harmony Class)—Got anything on this week, Mr. Rice?

Mr. R.—Why, is there anything off?

Miss Snyder—Francis, who sits there where you are sitting?

Francis A.—Nobody—I do.

Eunice G. has a Holt (hold) on Lindsley.

Freshies—Stop! Look! Listen!

One thing about the thirst for knowledge: there isn't any morning after.

Mr. Hargreaves (Psychology)—What image do you see when I say "Sunset and evening star—?"

Brilliant Senior—I see stars.

Hazel R.—Is that a dagger I see before me?

Georgia—No, it's my elbow.

Mr. Lineau (Latin)—What did Nero play at the burning of Rome?

Student—There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight.

Poor Tillie!

Please excuse Tillie she was absent yesterday. It was raining and she got wet in the A. M. and got sick in the P. M.—Ex.

In the Bonehead Class

Mr. Sawtelle—Name three strong nouns.

John G.—Onions, garlic and limburger.

If nature made you ugly
And for this fact you care,
Just step inside a street car, and
You'll soon be passing fare.

—Ex.



Young Men's Styles With Life in Them

A few years ago clothes makers imagined that young men's clothes should be decorated with several dozen buttons and with the pockets set askew.

While nowadays clothes for young men are naturally closer fitting than those for older men, there are none of the ludicrous features.

In both Suits and Overcoats for young men we show exceptionally good values at \$18, \$20, \$22.50, \$25.

Hayes & Woolley Co.
QUALITY CORNER
Sprague and Stevens

Going to College or Into Business ?

IN EITHER CASE

you will need a working knowledge of Shorthand, Bookkeeping, and other business subjects. The



guarantees to give you a practical, thorough course, either as a **Beginner** or a **Postgraduate**. Investigate our ideal location, quarters and equipment, our successful record, and our bonus tuition plan. Booklet free.

Raymond P. Kelley

Principal.



Jones Bldg. (north of Postoffice)
(where Tamarack is printed)

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TAMALES

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ICE CREAM

HOT CHOCOLATE and

HOT CHOCOLATE

SUNDAES

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Madame Lynn, Crosby, Alberta and Good Form corsets are fashioned over living models. We fit all corsets.

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HOSIERY AND
UNDERWEAR

PHONE
MAIN 3512



How to Prove a Suit All Wool

MANY men make a mistake in judging cloth. The "feel" or the appearance never prove a fabric to be 100 per cent pure woolen.

It takes a chemical test which consumes the fabric if it is absolutely pure wool.

Since it is so difficult to judge a fabric we are specializing in clothes produced by A. B. Kirschbaum Co., of Philadelphia. This concern is famous as "the House with the All-Wool Policy."

Any Kirschbaum clothes you buy from us are guaranteed to be all-wool, fast in color, London-shrunk, hand-tailored and sewn at all points of strain with silk thread.

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\$15, \$20, \$25 and up

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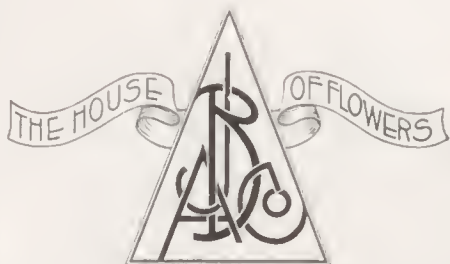
Tuition-- \$70 Seventy \$70

The Plain Business College

1st Ave. and Madison St., Spokane, Wash.

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..NOW..**

Choice Cut Flowers
Corsage Boquets
and Fancy Decorated
Baskets at



Special attention given to N. C. H. S.
Students.

A. J. Burt

Lincoln and Riverside SPOKANE

When you want an odd piece of Jewelry made to order, or old Jewelry made over or repaired, why not deal direct with the only place in Spokane that makes a specialty of this kind of work, and save 25 to 50%.

Set Rings, Wedding Rings, Emblem Rings, Signet Rings, Cuff Buttons, Chains, Bracelets, Brooches, Stick Pins, Monogram Fobs, School, Class, Fraternity Pins and Rings, made to order.

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A complete line of Precious and Semi Precious and Fancy Stones.

Designs and estimates furnished.

Reference—Most anyone that has been in Spokane 12 years.

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Why not let your next pair be "Walkovers"

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Special Designs and Prices of Class Pins and
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Town

Should not look like old men.

Should preserve their individuality.

CLOTHES - *Are most important.*

R. J. HURD & CO.

RIVERSIDE AT STEVENS ST.

“Good morning, Mr. Wood; how is Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?”

“Fine, fine; and how is Mrs. Rock and all the little pebbles?”

Just then a young lady in a split skirt went by. Wood turned to Rock, Rock turned to Wood, and then both turned to rubber.—Ex.

A recent invention for picking up bits of glass, tin, steel and other objects of nuisance to auto owners, was tried out in Chicago. Inside of ten minutes it had picked up seventy-two nails, eighty glass particles, and nineteen Lords.—Ex.

Miss Bigelow (in Eng. Class)—He is
a youth after my own heart.

Wonder which one she meant?

of Interest to All Students

They like the surroundings, the furnishings, the prompt and careful service of the many high quality kinds of sundaes and fancy drinks from our fountain.

When you buy or receive a box of our chocolates, you have the highest possible quality.

The logo features the words "The Palm" in a large, elegant, cursive script. Below this, the words "TRADE MARK" are written in a smaller, bold, sans-serif, all-caps font. A thick, dark horizontal line runs beneath the text, with the words "TRADE MARK" positioned just above it.

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LIKE THE FINEST ART
IN ANY REALM, IS TEM-
PERATE, NOT GIVEN TO
ANY EXCESSES IN THE
FORM, THE COLOR, OR
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hand some

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Mathematic
PINS**

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favor by seeing

SARTORI & WOLFF

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We also have some good
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Fur Sets--Separate Muffs

The greatest variety and
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shown at this season. Fur
Sets \$3.50 to \$65.00 in very
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Prices \$3.98 to \$18.75.

Ladies' and Misses' suits,
\$6.75 to \$18.75.

A comparison of styles
and values is all we ask. You
will appreciate the values we
are offering.

**Miller, Mower
& Flynn**

RIVERSIDE AND MONROE ST.

THE Kemp & Hebert Store



is the Official Headquarters
of His Royal Happiness
SANTA CLAUS

His biggest tree is here, with its great branches bending 'neath loads of Christmas joys.

The counters, cases, shelves--yes, this whole store is fairly overflowing with beautiful joy-bringing Christmas things, for Santa has emptied his largest pack here for distribution.



He has advised us that his seal of approval has been placed upon the two nation wide movements--

Do Your Christmas Shopping Early

AND

Offer None But Useful Gifts

and to enlist every High School student in Spokane in the behalf of these movements.

The K&H organization will stand behind Santa Claus in his selection of this store as headquarters ---as only Kemp & Hebert can.

Lucile Y.—This pen is on the prohibition ticket.

Elsie W.—Why?

Lucile Y.—Because it's going dry.

Carol Hocking, while reciting the poem:

“While you, sir, are turning your nose up,

Three thousand miles off as you read,”

made a mistake and said:

“While you, sir, are turning your nose

Three thousand miles up as you read.”

Johnny Lee took Chemistry,

Now he is no more.

What he thought was H_2O ,

Was H_2SO_4 .

Helen (in German, looking absently before her)—Ich liebe dich—

Homer M. (after an embarrassing pause)—Did you mean me?

Miss Mosher—Did you ever go all through Algebra?

Freshie—Yes, but it was dark and I couldn't see.

Junior—What is the chemical composition of a dog?

Bright Senior—Canine (K9).

An answer to an exam question:

If you take a trip to Europe the best way is to go by water.

We're glad to know this, because we were never quite sure how you got there.

Mr. Ramsey (History VII) Cambridge is the Hillyard of Boston.

Cloth Tops

Are a favorite for Fall and Winter. We have several styles in Patents--both high and low heels. We would be pleased to show you these.

“*Young Ladies*,” give us a call.

Nettleton Shoe Store

N.614 Monroe Street - - Spokane

Personal Greeting Kards

for Christmas and New Year's are the correct form, and more acceptable in taking the place of expensive presents

The designs are beautiful.

Embossed, Engraved or Printed

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known to the consumer
as best.

We always quote low-
est prices.

Come in and visit

Our values keep us grow-
ing.



Our 200lbs in Action.

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You Can
Teach Your Dollars
to
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\$1.00

Starts an Account at
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Corner Division Street and Nora Avenue

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U-NO LUNCHES

It will have accomplished the desired results.

The quality of our lunch, and the promptness of our
service will bring you again.

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Christmas Gifts, Watches, Diamonds,
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Marx Clothes Shop**



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'The Beaufort' Sack Suit

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An exceptionally attractive Sack Suit for Young Men. It has style; every detail correct, authentic; the general effect easy and pleasing.

The BEAUFORT has nothing in common with the sartorial crimes so generally committed in the name of "Young Men's" Clothing.

It can be worn in confidence in any city or fashion center in America.

We venture to say will not find anything approaching our **Beaufort** or **British** models for Young Men under any other than the House of Kuppenheimer label. You may, in a way, find similar detail, but the effect is not convincing.

If you have the opportunity to see these Kuppenheimer Suits, slip them on; stand on a rug in front of a mirror, and see whether we are wrong or right.

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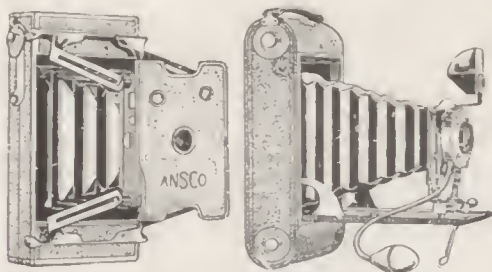
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The Fern

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Post Cards, per dozen	50c

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901 Riverside Ave. opp. Post Office



LOTS of Tamarack cards left! Get them at the office of the Tamarack, room 109, and show the advertisers we mean business.

They are all classified on page 13.

---THE MANAGER

DUXBAX Mackinaws

The Cravenetted Kind
...\$10 and \$11...
HAND TAILORED

Spokane Hardware
COMPANY
516 Riverside Ave.

St. Peter (at the pearly gates)—Did you say you came from the N. C. H. S.?

Student—Yes.

St. Peter—Did you subscribe for the Tamarack?

Student—Well, no — er, — that is, I —

St. Peter—Next elevator down.

Visitor—I hear this high school is like a human factory.

Mr. Hargreaves—Yes, we're canning students every day.

Miss Beehtel—What can you say about Beownlf?

Merritt P.—I only pay attention to those in the big leagues.

Miss Broomhall (French 11)—Calixte, what is half-past twelve?

Calixte C.—Dinner time.

The Frat Clothing for Young Men



**"IF IT ISN'T
ALL RIGHT BRING
IT BACK."**

\$15, \$20 and \$25

**Shoes. Hats and Furnish-
ing Goods to Match**

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For 20 Years

**It's been our business to make Ice Cream
and Candies that the public appreciate.**

**BECAUSE IT'S GOOD
WE DELIVER**

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A 3060**

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CARL BLOOMGREN
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"THE BARBER SHOP OF INDIVIDUALITY"

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CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING



“King Hal”

**North Central's
Biggest Operetta**

AN ALL-STAR CAST

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Frank Spaulding

Ray Foley

Harry Lynde

Guy Sheehan

Irene Lindgreen

Nathalie Tecklenberg

December 11, '14

**NORTH CENTRAL
AUDITORIUM**





© 1914—H. M. LINDENTHAL & SONS—THE L SYSTEM. CHICAGO

THE New "Balmoral" Overcoats have just arrived. Prices \$25 and \$30.
Better be one of the first to spring this classy new style.

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